

## When the Roses Bloom

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## When the Roses Bloom

by [HederEgo](#)

### Summary

Dream is a gardener working for the Fosters, an influential family with a large, sprawling estate. The flowers bloom beautifully under his care, much like his friendship with the eldest heir, George.

It's a race against time as he tries to present George the ultimate gift, and hopefully, unmask his own feelings towards him.

### Notes

Hi!! Welcome to the first fic I uploaded to this account lol I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I loved writing it! I loved writing it so much that it took me,, a whole day to finish it ndsjkjh

I've fallen into the rabbit hole that is DreamNotFound, so I'm super hyped to write and read about them! I'll take it down if they express discomfort about it. Please don't harass creators! :)

**Warnings: a lil bit of self-depreciation, panicking, mentions of (figurative) death**



# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream sighed for the umpteenth time that day, staring longingly at the mansion from his lonely spot beneath the trees. A whinny, followed by the *clip-clopping* of hooves on stone quickly snapped him out of his trance.

"Looking for something?" said the man holding the reins.

Dream scrunched his nose. "No." He turned towards the apples in his basket. "I was only thinking of what kind of dessert we'd have after I pick all of these." He gestures to the orchard behind him, where the apple trees stood heavy with fruit, gleaming ruby red beneath the autumn sun.

The man only laughs. "You don't have to lie to me Dream. I know you're looking for *someone* ." He gets a rotten apple thrown at his head in response. "Hey!"

"Leave me alone, Sapnap." Dream rolled his eyes, returning to the task at hand. "Just get Spirit to the stables and help me out here."

"Sure." Sapnap shrugs. "How's your *secret project* going on by the way?"

"Amazing." Dream's eyes suddenly shone brighter. "The orchids are already about to bloom. The daisies are doing well. And the tulips. It's the roses that I'm having trouble with."

"But you love roses," Sapnap pointed out. "If anybody here knew roses like the back of their hand, it would be you."

Dream grew flustered, absentmindedly looking over another fruit in his hand. "I don't know. It could be the soil or something. Not enough water, I guess."

"Well, your garden wouldn't be complete without it." Sapnap smiled. "How else would he know you're confessing your *love* ?" He finished with a little lilt of his voice.

Dream laughed. "What? It's not a love confession."

"Dream. You're literally planting an entire flower garden just because George said he loved them."

"I never said it was for George."

"And you didn't deny it," Sapnap sighed. Spirit huffed at him. "Alright, let's get you back so that you won't have to deal with Dream anymore."

"Hey!"

Sapnap waved him off, leading Spirit away. Dream chuckled and shook his head.

He felt bad for lying, he really did, but it was for his own good anyway. Besides, it wasn't quite a *full* lie.

The roses, indeed, weren't prospering in his secret flower garden, so he'd moved them somewhere else; that place being close to George's balcony. He tended to them every day, secretly hoping for a glance of the young lord.

*Oh, George* . Where would he even begin?

It all started with Dream coming into the kitchens to hand over some fresh produce, when he'd spotted George lurking by the pantry.

"My lord?" He called out, startling him.

"Just George will do, um..." Dream eyed the jar of chocolate-covered raisins that sat snugly in his hands before it was quickly hidden behind his back. "Oh, I'll get in trouble for this, won't I?"

"You won't if you share," came tumbling out of Dream's mouth before he could stop himself.

George's eyes lit up. "Truly? We could go to my room or... I mean, unless you had some other place in mind—"

"The orchard," Dream replied immediately. The mere thought of sullying the mansion's rooms, let alone George's bedroom with his dirty, muddy self— well, he wouldn't be getting out of that unharmed anytime soon.

George nodded excitedly, following as Dream led him through the trees and onto a stone bench overlooking the pond. The two sat down, pilfered treasure in hand, the birds chirping softly around them. The young lord opened the jar, angling it towards the gardener.

"Truth be told, I'm not really fond of chocolate raisins," Dream said.

"Oh. More for me then." George popped a couple into his mouth, humming happily at the taste. Dream chuckles. "If you didn't like them, why'd you ask me to share with you?"

"I don't know. I was just as startled as you were, I guess."

They sat quietly for a while, watching the waters ripple across the pond, hearing the breeze rustling the leaves...

"I've never been to this part of the estate before," George said, breaking the silence.

"How come?"

George shrugged. "There's a lot of social events I had to go to, so I couldn't exactly explore. And I guess I never really had a good reason to. Besides, it's a big place."

"Does it ever get boring in there?"

"Oh, you couldn't imagine." George rolled his eyes, taking another raisin from the jar. "There's so many rules. So many things to remember. All we ever do is talk, and it's mostly estate stuff or business proposals."

"Not marriages?" Dream had expected this, to be honest. He supposed that George would need to settle down before properly inheriting the estate and all of its assets.

George hesitated for a bit. "No, none yet," he replied softly.

"Well then, they're missing out."

George laughs heartily at this, cheeks rosy against his pale skin, his voice ringing loud and clear,

tinkling like a bell. Dream's breath catches in his throat.

*Wait, what?*

"No, I don't think they are." George wipes a tear from his eye, and gives him a crooked grin. He clears his throat. "I don't suppose I could repay you for this?"

Dream thinks for a bit, biting back a snarky *"your family already does"*.

"I'd like to spend time with you again, George," he finally says.

A smile spread across the young lord's face. "It would be my pleasure," he replied. "Will we meet here then?"

"If you want to."

"Okay." George hands Dream the jar. "I suppose you should be bringing this back to the pantry."

"Keep it." Dream lightly pushes his hand back, keeping himself from blushing at the contact. "It would be easier to say that the chocolate raisins had been lost rather than a rat had gotten into this... tightly sealed jar."

George's eyes twinkled again. "You're something else, aren't you, sir?"

"Dream."

"Hmm?"

"My name is Dream." He held out his hand for George to shake. "A gardener at your service, my lord."

"Dream then," George mused, taking his hand, "and I told you to stop being so formal. It's just George in here, okay?"

"Okay."

That was how they began to meet each other every week, picking apples, sneaking desserts, and exchanging stories about their childhood memories until the sun started to set, painting the skies in beautiful reds and oranges.

"I love flowers," George said one day, following Dream over to the stables with a basket of apples in his hands. "Imagine having so many different types of it, and each one being absolutely *perfect*."

"I could take you to the flowering shrubs, if you'd like." Dream noticed Sapnap watching him from the corner of his eye.

"I've already passed by them a million times." George smiled. "Besides, I prefer the blue and yellow ones more."

"Oh? Why is that?"

"Didn't you know?" George tilted his head to the side. "I'm colorblind."

All of a sudden, Dream felt rather foolish. The vibrant reds of the fruits, the warm oranges of the skies, the lush green of the leaves, hell, even the reddish tones of his beloved chocolate raisins; George couldn't fully appreciate any of it. His heart cracked at the thought.

"Anyway," George called out, "where do I put these apples?"

"Just there is fine, George," Sapnap replied, pointing over to an empty stall. "Thank you, sir."

"Stop," he chuckled good-naturedly. "We're all friends here, aren't we?"

"Right." Sapnap gave Dream a knowing glance. The latter ignored him and continued speaking. "Anyway, I think it's getting late."

"Accompany me back to the mansion?"

Dream jokingly held out his right arm, elbow bent, like a true gentleman would. George laughed and placed his hand in the crook of his arm. The warmth of his palm seeped through his sleeves; Dream wasn't sure if his cheeks were feeling the same way, or he was just exhausted. He could definitely feel Sapnap's stare burning the back of his neck, though.

When they parted ways that night, Dream couldn't help but collapse onto the grass, hands covering his flushed face.

*Oh no.*

He definitely didn't need Sapnap teasing him to know that he had it *bad*.

It wasn't long after when Dream started his project on a patch of land near the pond, well-hidden and rarely visited. Now it was thriving, lovingly cared for with his own two hands. His only concern then were the roses, their buds still closed; but no matter, he still had time.

"Dream!" came an agitated cry from up above.

Dream turned his head just in time to see George's frenzied face, his hands holding something he couldn't see properly from down below.

Well, that nearly spoiled his surprise.

He dutifully waited by the kitchen entrance, where George practically flew just to get to him as quickly as possible. He clutched a scrap of paper in his hands, all crumpled from how he'd held it.

"A masquerade ball! Here! Can you believe it?" George rambled, struggling to catch his breath. "On my birthday!" He headed towards the orchard in long strides, startling Dream. It wasn't that hard to catch up to him, given his own height and lanky limbs, but he'd never seen George so distraught before.

"Why?" Dream asked. "What's the matter?"

They reached the stone bench overlooking the pond. Here, it was much quieter; even the winds seemed to make way for George's anger. He slumped down on the bench and exhaled sharply, closing his eyes.

"It's supposed to be some sort of matchmaking event for me," George bit his lip and sighed forlornly, "since I wasn't successful during the social season. They'd planned it for a month

behind my back. It's supposed to be my second chance or something. I don't know." He handed Dream the paper he'd brought with him.

It was an invitation, judging by the quality of the parchment and the pretty curves of the ink. And of course, the date and time plastered on the front.

*The Viscount and Viscountess H. D. Foster requests the pleasure of your company at Foundling Hall on Saturday, first of November, at six o'clock in the evening. RSVP.*

Dream's face grew pale.

*No.*

His plans were ruined; he was hoping to talk with George about his feelings after his birthday but

—  
The ball—

*The flowers—*

"It's ridiculous," George continued beside him, oblivious to his internal dilemma. "Everyone will be wearing masks anyway. With my luck, they'll mistake someone else as me."

*Wait. Masks—!*

Dream just had to get one, maybe sneak in—did Sapnap have a spare suit?—steal George's attention for a bit and take him outside—there's bound to be some security outside, but if he's lucky they'll let him be—and take him to the pond and show them his hard work—the *roses*, the roses are closer—

"Dream?"

"Yes?" His voice cracked for a bit.

George smiles, concerned. "Are you okay?"

"I should be the one asking you that." Dream felt a twinge of guilt. "I'm sorry."

"It's... well... nevermind." George turns his gaze back onto his hands, now perched onto his lap. "I'm used to failing things, I guess. I doubt this thing's going to go any better."

"Hey, now." Dream placed a hand onto George's shoulder, causing him to look up. "What's not to like about you?" He started counting off on his fingers. "You're so, *so* thoughtful. You're one of the smartest, wittiest people I know. You've never hesitated to help me or Sapnap even if we tell you no. You're so humble and honest, even if you didn't have to be."

"Dream..." George said in a hushed whisper, his face growing red. Dream takes one of his hands in his own, brushing his knuckles with his thumb.

"And how"—Dream stammers, trying to get the next few words out—"how you're so—"

"Lord Foster!"

The two of them jumped at the sound of the maid's voice. George stood up in a flash. Dream's hand suddenly felt colder.

"The tailor awaits you inside, sir," says the maid, oblivious to the tension in the air.

"I'll see you next week, then?" George said softly. Dream nods stiffly.

*If there is a next week...*

George nods back in reply before heading back to the mansion. Dream woefully regrets not accompanying him on the way.

"So, what's your plan now?" Sapnap asked Dream after he'd shuffled awkwardly towards the stables and explained his whole predicament.

"It's a masquerade ball, so maybe I could sneak in if I can get a mask." Dream paced across the floors, deep in thought. "If you have a spare suit, that would be great."

"My best suits aren't exactly, well, *suited* for these kinds of events." That earned him an eye roll from Dream. "You'd stand out. In a bad way."

Dream sighed and leaned against one of the wooden posts. "Maybe BadBoyHalo could handle a last-minute order. He's used to working overnight for sewing competitions." He suddenly straightened up, the gears in his head whirring rapidly. "Then I can go to the village and look for some masks. There's bound to be something in the market. Maybe I can actually pull this off."

"If your plan works," Sapnap began slowly, "what happens then?"

That quickly brought an end to Dream's parade. "What?"

"You aren't titled." Sapnap stared down at his shoes, idly picking at some hay. "The Fosters may have approved of George settling down with a man, but I'm not too sure about commoners."

Dream's heart sank. He couldn't argue with Sapnap—what *did* he have to offer, but a mere patch of flowers on land that he didn't even own? What kind of life could he give George? It was starting to feel like everything he did was all for naught. So he settled for the next best thing.

"Closure," he breathed. "He deserves to know that at least one person loves him. Even if he doesn't return my feelings, well..." His heart felt like lead in his stomach, struggling to stay afloat. "He can... send me away if he wants. I wouldn't be mad if he did."

It would absolutely *kill* him inside, but he'll live.

"I don't think he'll just cast you off like *that*," Sapnap said, facing him. "You're his best friend. Besides, for all that it's worth..." He reached up to ruffle Dream's dirty blond hair.

"I think he loves you back."

## Chapter End Notes

I'll be posting the next chapter tomorrow hehhehe but if you already saw this on Discord/DMs, please don't spoil it! Know that I love you guys sm

Please leave kudos and/or comments! They make my day brighter!

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

The ultimate present...

### Chapter Notes

I fixed the formatting in the previous chapter because I got annoyed with it; now the extra spaces are gone.

Enjoy! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few days were a blur. Between checking anxiously in Bad's shop for his suit, scouring the markets for the perfect mask, and setting up some last-minute arrangements for his surprise (not to mention his daily chores as the Fosters' gardener), Dream was bone-tired. Sapnap had been an absolute angel, offering to cover for him whenever he needed to go to town.

“Is it ready yet?” Dream asked for what seemed to be the millionth time that week.

Bad huffed fondly and led him over to the back of the shop, where a dress form stood wearing the most magnificent outfit Dream had ever laid his eyes on. A green tailcoat hung smartly over a blue silk brocade waistcoat and some dark trousers. He gaped at the elegant golden embroidery running up the lapels, at the gleaming buttons and the silken lining. A white cravat hung around its neck, completing the look.

“You wouldn’t stop asking me about it, Dream,” said the tailor. “You’re so lucky we’ve been friends for so long! I *do* have other orders to tend to, you know.”

“Thank you, thank you,” Dream said, still in awe. “You have no idea how greatly you’ve helped me. I owe you my life.”

“It’s not *that* good,” Bad replied bashfully. “Besides, I’ve never seen you so eager to attend a gala. Where is it that you’re headed?”

“Foundling Hall,” Dream replied.

Bad’s eyebrows fly up to his forehead. “The Fosters’ ball? Whatever for?”

“For love,” came the simple reply, and after another gracious display of thanks, Dream left the shop with his new clothes and much higher spirits.

The night was fast approaching when Dream finally arrived back at the estate. Sapnap greeted him at the gate, brows knitted in concern.

“He wanted to see you before the ball,” he said. “It was so hard to turn him down, with how heartbroken he’d looked. I wasn’t sure when you’d return.”

“Not too long now,” Dream replied, his heart aching in his chest. “I’ll see him again before the night is over, I swear it.”

“Do you have what you need?”

“I have my suit.” Dream shows him the bag of clothes that was slung over his shoulder. “My mask is with you. The garden is ready. All that I’ve yet to do is talk to him...”

They made their way to the servants’ quarters, where it was, to Dream’s relief, devoid of people.

“Quickly!” Sapnap stayed outside the door, acting as the lookout as Dream got prepared. “You’ve got an hour before the head butler passes by this hallway. I’ve no idea how long we’ve got before the guests start arriving, though.” He waited until Dream knocked on the door, signifying that he’d finished.

His hair was still wet from his quick shower, and the tailcoat remained on his bed. He finished tying the cravat around his neck, his hands shaking from nerves. “I’ve never been this afraid, Sapnap,” Dream said quietly, his heart hammering frantically against his chest. “I don’t think I could bear to lose him after all.”

“You won’t,” Sapnap replied, taking a comb and attempting to tame Dream’s hair while the latter busied himself with his waistcoat. “You won’t lose him, I promise.” He ushered Dream into the tailcoat, smoothing down the sleeves and helping him with the buttons. Sapnap then reached into one of the dresser drawers, below the stack of clean linen, and retrieved a brilliant white mask. Green and gold alike swirled near its edges, curling like vines.

“Don’t forget this.”

Dream took the mask from Sapnap’s grasp and placed it upon his face, gazing at himself in the mirror. It concealed the upper half of his face and ran down his left cheek, leaving only his mouth and the tip of his nose visible. His hair had been combed back thanks to Sapnap’s efforts, a stark contrast from how he’d usually leave it. He looked... neater, more *mysterious*. The invitation George left with him weighed heavy in his pocket, hidden there just in case someone caught him.

*Would George still recognize him like this?*

“Don’t you dare back out now,” Sapnap said firmly, sensing his hesitation. “You’ve come so far, Dream. George is still waiting for you.”

“I... you’re right.” Dream gave him a tired smile, grateful but so *exhausted*. “For George. Thank you so much, Sapnap, what would I ever do without you?”

“You may be George’s best friend,” Sapnap replied, placing his hands on Dream’s shoulders and looking him squarely in the eye, “but I’m yours. Now go get him, Dream!” He pushed him towards the door, giddy with excitement. “May fortune favor you!”

Well. Here he was now, in the corridors of George’s home, wearing clothes that didn’t feel like his and feeling things that he’d rather not. He was a gardener, after all, the outdoor life was very much his forte; but that shouldn’t matter now. He was a man on a mission, *damn it*, and his nerves will *absolutely* not stand in his way.

He checked the pocket watch Bad had kindly given him. It was already half past six; surely, some guests ought to have arrived. As if on cue, a distinguished group of men walked through the doors, ushered by the head butler. He'd blended in with them, acting as though he were part of the group. The man had given him a curious look, but brushed it off as nothing as he showed them to the ballroom. Dream released a heavy sigh he'd been holding.

Now, where could George be?

There was already a sizable crowd in the area, despite the hour; some were partaking in the refreshments, while others were already socializing amongst themselves. He swore he'd seen BadBoyHalo in someone else's company, having recalled that particular suit in his shop. But he wasn't here for *him*, he was here for—

Suddenly, there he was, dressed in navy blue with a maroon bow tied around his neck.

George.

His mask matched the color of his coat, a navy blue with a thick white border around it. Dark streaks ran down the corner of the eye holes.

*It's George.*

Time froze as Dream made his way over to him, the latter still unaware of his presence, still fiddling with the edges of his sleeves. He stopped himself from calling out his name. *Sneaking in, remember?*, Dream reminded himself. *Discretion is the key.*

"May I have the next dance?" He asked, holding out an arm.

He was pleased to see George jump in surprise, his growing blush barely visible beneath his mask. "D-Dream? Is that you?"

"I want to show you something outside," Dream replied giddily.

"I-I can't," George began, glancing towards the floor. "What if my parents went looking for me?"

"With all the people in the room?" Dream nodded his head towards the rest of the ballroom. George broke out into a dopey grin. "Come on, George. It would only take a minute."

"Well, you did get all dressed up for me," he replied softly, smoothing down the lapels of Dream's tailcoat. "Has anyone ever told you that you clean up nicely?"

"All the time." It comes out nonchalantly, but heaven knows how positively *frenzied* his heart went.

George laughed that beautiful, tinkling laugh again, and Dream felt like melting into a puddle on the floor. George took his arm as they headed towards the dance floor, where several pairs had already gathered, awaiting the next song.

"Towards the doors, then?" George asked with a twinkle in his eye, placing a hand onto his shoulder.

"Towards the doors," Dream agreed, one hand resting on George's waist.

Their free hands clasp together. Dream tried not to think about how well George's hand fit in his own as they waltzed in time to the music, twirling him around to the beat and hearing his giggles.

"You're doing so much better than last time," George said as they fell into another box step. He'd taught him how to waltz one day, just for the fun of it.

Dream rolled his eyes good-naturedly. "Yeah, because there's no more rotten apples for me to avoid."

"There's another kind of rotten fruit in here," George sniffed, glancing towards the group of men Dream had entered the ballroom with.

"Businessmen?"

"In a way," George sighed. "They've been wanting to acquire part of the estate for years. They probably think I wouldn't be able to handle the responsibility, should I inherit all this. I'm still a bachelor in my twenties. It... It's not too late for me yet."

Dream suddenly remembered his conversation with Sapnap, and his stomach churned at the thought.

*What kind of life could he give George?*

No. No time for that, now.

Man on a mission.

Before they knew it, they'd successfully spun their way to the doors, slipping in and out without a creak, giggling breathily amongst themselves.

"Over here," George said. It felt strange, being on the opposite end of what they'd usually do, where George now weaved his way through the corridors and Dream simply followed. They arrived at the kitchen, and everything was familiar from there.

"Here." Dream took George by the hand and led him over to the spot underneath his balcony, feeling very nervous and very eager all at once.

George gasped. "What is this?" he said in quiet awe.

The roses had *finally* bloomed just in time for George's birthday.

"Blue roses," Dream said with pride in his voice. "I'd gotten them from a wandering trader." Not that *that* particular experience was particularly pleasant. "You said you loved the blue and yellow flowers so I..." He scratched the back of his neck nervously. "I planted some for you."

A tender smile graced George's lips. Dream's heart felt like it would burst at any second. George gently brushed his fingers over the rosebush.

"Thank you Dream," he said. "I love them."

"That's not all."

He led George over to the pond. The cool night air whipped through their hair, rustling their clothing as they ran past the stone bench and towards some thick shrubbery.

"Hold on," George said, reaching for Dream's head. He ruffled his hair back down into its usual, messy form. "There. Now there's the Dream I know," he said with a cheeky laugh.

Dream smiled at him affectionately, pushing past the foliage and into a clearing, lit up by the faint glow of some lanterns.

George made a startled noise at the sight.

The clearing was surrounded by an arc of flowers, all in shades of blue, white, and yellow. Ivory tulips swayed among the grasses, joined by golden dandelions and powdery cornflowers. The azure orchids sat with the sunny pansies and the pale daisies, some arranged in blocks, the others merely scattered among them.

George clapped a hand over his mouth, eyes blurry with tears.

"Happy birthday George," Dream said softly. He reached out towards a large, flat rock, where a soft, clean blanket lay, and spread it onto the clearing before sitting down on it.

"Dream," George said through choked sobs, lifting up his mask and wiping the tears from his eyes. "Take off your mask, please."

Dream did just that before George knelt down next to him, discarding his mask onto the blanket. To his surprise, George moved to cup his cheek with one hand, his breath still hitching with quiet sobs.

*It's warm and cold all at once* , Dream thinks, leaning into George's touch.

"Why'd you do this for me?" George asked, his voice trembling.

"It's your birthday," came his immediate reply.

"Was that all?"

*Closure. You're here for closure, aren't you?*

Dream's mouth ran dry. He's at the edge of his wits, but he knew what he had to do. Sapnap's advice wasn't all for nothing, after all.

"I love you," tumbled out of his lips, wrapping around George and enveloping him in its warmth. It was but a spark, a tiny fraction of the burning, the *yearning* he'd felt for him since they first met.

"Oh, *Dream* , " was all he'd heard before George's lips crashed into his, hands pulling him closer than before. Dream leaned back onto one arm, his other hand reaching out towards George's face.

It ended quicker than he'd liked, with George pulling away for air. Dream wiped away George's tears with his thumb, grinning crookedly at him. George leaned backwards, giggling breathlessly, pulling Dream back into a normal sitting position. Dream placed his hand over the one cupping his cheek, lifting it for a bit to press a kiss onto George's wrist.

"I love you," Dream said again, more certain than before. "I love you, George, *I love you.* "

"I love you too Dream," George hiccuped, a wobbly grin on his face.

"I thought I'd lose you tonight," Dream said, feeling tears clouding over his own eyes. "That's why I was desperate to steal you away, to have you see the garden as soon as possible— oh, *George...* "

"I'm here, I'm here," George replied, kissing Dream's forehead. "I thought I'd never see you again... oh, Dream, I'd always choose you no matter what. You'll never lose me, never. I love you. Kiss me."

Dream did just that, closing his eyes and pressing his lips against George's once more, as delicate as though he might break. Which one would, he wasn't sure, but when George moved even closer, Dream couldn't help but sigh blissfully.

They separated with tearful, quiet, *giddy* giggles, resting their foreheads against one another as they stopped to catch their breaths.

"You said you'd choose me," Dream said, opening his eyes. "Would you be happy living the rest of your life with me, even though I have nothing to my name?"

"Yes." George stared at Dream, smiling softly at him. "Of course. I've thought for a long time about this, and I've decided that I would rather stay with you no matter what."

"You say that now..." Dream frowned.

"We could manage an orchard, much like this one." George's eyes sparkled under the light of the lanterns. "I can sell our wares. Maybe I'll be a wandering trader." Dream huffed a laugh at the thought. George pressed another kiss onto his forehead. "In all seriousness, I'd go to the ends of the Earth if it meant I could be with you."

"Then..."

Dream got onto one knee, reaching for something in his pocket.

"George..."

He held out a blue rose, one he'd plucked when they were by the balcony. George's eyes widened. "Dream...?"

"If what you say is true, then will you do me the honor of becoming my husband?"

George gasped sharply. "Truly?"

"I have loved you from the first day that we met," Dream said sincerely. "You've stolen my heart ever since, and I'd like you to keep it for an eternity more."

"Oh Dream," George said with a teary grin, "I'd want nothing more."

He pulled Dream down to him and kissed him deeply, arms circling around his neck while Dream supported himself with his arms. They pulled apart only to connect again, lingering for another moment longer before Dream collapsed right next to George. He laced their hands together, his thumb running circles on George's palm in a comforting manner.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get you a proper ring," Dream said.

"Don't worry about it," George breathed, squeezing his hand. "I thought this was sweeter."

They laid there for a while, hands intertwined, staring at each other like they were the only ones who mattered then and there.

"Last week," George said, "you were going to tell me something by the pond before we got interrupted."

"Oh," Dream replied, a smile spreading across his face, the memory getting back to him. "I meant to say that you were beautiful." He lifted George's hand to his lips, pressing a light kiss onto it. "Your laughter is angelic." Another kiss. "When you smile, it lifts the burden from my shoulders." And another. "Your blushing face is a sight for sore eyes."

"Dream," George whined, turning pink. "You can't just say things like that."

"I can, and I will." A determined glint flashed in Dream's eyes. "As your soon-to-be husband, I solemnly swear to compliment you every single day."

"My husband," George echoed, smiling bashfully. "How I'll never tire of hearing that. Shall we head back inside and tell everyone the good news?"

"But what do we do if they disapprove of us?"

"I shall defend you, my Dream," George said with an air of confidence. "No force on Earth can keep me any longer from you, at least, not after tonight." He sat up, taking the rose that Dream gave him and kept it safe in his pocket. "Well then," he said, grinning cheekily as he stood up, "accompany me back to the mansion?"

A similar smile spread across Dream's face as he stood up and offered George his arm.

"Of course."

#### Chapter End Notes

And that's the end for this story! Can you tell I loved writing sappy stuff hahhahaa

Thank you all so much for reading!!

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